

# Of Discovery, Desperation, and Dragons

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Summary: It's the little moments, in the grander scheme of things, that made life in Berk so very worth it. Of course, there's always the perk of the pets. A collection of pieces.

1. you've got the better part of me,

\*\*[ a/n; Hello there! So, I'm new to the world of HTTYD fanfiction but, I just had so many ideas bubbling up today and decided to give it a shot. Each chapter is going to be a set of 5-6 very short drabbles based on a word or phrase- maybe, if anyone likes them, I'll expand them into longer pieces later on. Each chapter/set will be from one specific point of view or set of characters, which I'll put up top. Please, please review; reviews make me jump about with joy. And if you have any ideas you'd like to see done- a short or longer piece- feel free to suggest! I'll probably do several a day. Thank you! c: ]\*\*

\*\*Set Number: \*\*1

><strong>PairingPOV: \*\*Toothless/Hiccup

\*\*Shell: \*\*On one lazy day with Toothless, trotting along the beach, Hiccup had picked up a pretty shell, telling Toothless he liked the color. The dragon, much to his rider's anxiety, later disappeared for the entire night. The next morning, he woke up to all the furniture in his room tossed haphazardly outside, the floor completely \_covered \_in shells, and a happy Toothless sitting in the very middle of the mayhem, head cocked and tail waving cheerfully.

\*\*Silence: \*\*After becoming the "Dragon Tamer" of Berk, hero of the village, he never had a moment of peace unless he was with Toothless. The Night Fury, as always, understood what he needed and would oblige the brunette, sitting in their cove together, tail curled protectively around his rider's tiny form. Hiccup just wanted to get away from the new pressure of being sought after, the troubles of adjusting to a new life, a new body. With Toothless, no justifications were needed. No explanations, no fake smiles, nothing.

Just a boy and his dragon- together in silence, bonded by fate.

**\*\*Rejection:** **\*\*Everyone** in Berk had always pushed him away, from his peers to his own father, for being different. No one would ever give him a chance- until he met the dark dragon, the first being to ever take him as he was and love him for it anyway.

**\*\*Snow:** **\*\*Toothless** hated the snow. It was cold, wet, and being in it made him sleepy. Hiccup, on the other hand, loved playing in the snow, no matter how often the fluffy white flakes fell, and the boy just had the most adorably awkward, dorky, endearing smile- and Toothless would always find himself... forgetting why he was... mad in the first place...

Twenty minutes later, the mighty Night Fury found himself completely covered in snow, decorated with pine cones and branches, surrounded by Hiccup and his clutch of friends, and transformed into what they had, thinking themselves so very clever and funny, declared a "snow dragon."

>Huffing to himself, grumpy, Toothless suddenly remembered why he hated the snow.<p>

**\*\*Wings\*\*:** Never had Hiccup in his life felt quite as safe as when his dragon curled up against his back, curling one affectionate, protective wing over his slender form. For those few moments, he knew that nothing would ever harm him again.

## 2. always have and always will

**\*\*[ a/n;** Here goes set two! This time from Toothless' point of view, sometimes first person and sometimes third. Writing Toothless is interesting because I think too many people forget he's still a dragon, an animal- an intelligent, powerful creature, who just happens to have given his heart to a human, but that doesn't change what he is. Hopefully I've done okay! c: Reviews are always a blessing, and suggestions are always welcome! ]\*\*

**\*\*Set Number:** **\*\*2**

><strong>PairingPOV: **\*\*Toothless/Hiccup [ Toothless' POV ]**

**\*\*Pet:** **\*\*And** this was where my human was different from the others. To him, I wasn't a pet. To him, I was an equal. I was a friend- my first true friend. Being compared to a human suddenly wasn't nearly as bad as I had thought.

**\*\*Mercy:** **\*\*Any** of my kind would have called me a traitor, a coward, for not killing the boy when I first had the chance. But showing mercy was no weakness, I had learned. Mercy was in an emerald-eyed brunette's hands as he soothed frightened, frenzied dragons in seconds. It was in his smile, directed at the same clansmen that had so viciously rejected him all his life until now. It was in the feet that adjusted the mechanism controlling my fake tailfin, allowing me to once again reign over the skies. His mercy was a blessing, and mine had been the best choice I had ever made.

**\*\*Legend:** **\*\*Generations** after that of Hiccup the Just, Cheftain of Berk and the first Tamer and Rider, he had become the stuff of fairytales and bedtime stories. After time, the villagers all slowly

began to forget.

His dragon perched as a sentinel on the top of his old house, gazing upon the village with ancient and unimaginably sad eyes, ever protecting his human's clan after his passing in accordance to his final wishes. Never moving, never leaving. He had nowhere else to go- nowhere important, at least. He would never forget, for the rest of his long life. To him, Hiccup would always be a legend.

**\*\*Color:** **\*\*Most dragons do not consider such a trivial thing as a "favourite color." But I knew, without a shadow of a doubt, that my favourite was that precise shade of soft, leafy, emerald green.**

**\*\*Fear:** **\*\*He was a dragon, a \_Night Fury,\_ a master among all beasts. He was the fastest, strongest with the sharpest claws and the hottest fire. What did he have to fear? What could possibly scare him?**

And nothing ever had, until that day, hearing his human scream from his nest- "village," the boy called it?- while he was napping in their cove. Abruptly, as he took off in the direction of that dreadful sound, never having so dreadfully wished for the return of his powers of flight and hot determination coursing through his veins- suddenly, he knew fear.

3. you've got the better part of me, oh

**\*\*\_[ a/n; Here goes set three! This time from Astrid's point of view, generally on her relationship with Hiccup. I find her difficult to write but also extremely fun because there's just so many facets to her personality; once again, hope I did okay. Reviews are my favourite, and I love suggestions! Hope you like! c: ]\_\*\***

**\*\*Set Number:\*\* 3**

**><strong>PairingPOV\*\*:** Astrid/Hiccup, Astrid's POV.

**\*\*Dirt:** **\*\*Astrid loved it when Hiccup came out of the forge, singed and sooty- she thought it made him look older, tougher, and just so \_cute.\_**

Toothless just loved to lick the boy clean.

**\*\*Miracle:** **\*\*She was a realist; he was a dreamer. She was a fighter; he was a thinker. She would destroy anyone who meant her loved ones harm; he could talk anyone out of \_anything \_with his soft words and compassionate touch. He was better than her, and she knew it. A better person, and yes, a better Viking. She was nothing special. He was nothing short of a miracle.**

**\*\*Ice:** **\*\*Snotlout had once told her she had a heart made of ice; playfully, following one of her many rebukes to his romantic advances. He'd soon forgotten the comment, but she hadn't. Only later did she realize he had been right- when it dawned on her that one scrawny, talking fishbone of a boy had melted that frost right away.**

**\*\*Burn:** **\*\*In that moment, telling her he would keep the secret of the Dragon Nest quiet to protect his dragon, there was a fire in his eyes, blazing so strong she feared that if she took a step forward,**

she might find herself scalded- but in the end, it didn't matter. She didn't know how it had happened, or when, or why- but suddenly, she too was burning, in a very different way.

**\*\*Flawed\*\***: Until he came into her life, all Astrid wanted was to be the ideal Viking in every way- strong, fearless, stubborn, and true. But it wasn't long before he taught her that true perfection, the realest beauty, was in the flaws. And to her, his flaws made him perfect.

**\*\*Weak: \*\***Some days, she really thought she could hate him for what she had turned him into. He had softened her, opened her up, made her reveal things no one had ever known about her. And sometimes, she resented him for that. Then he would smile at her in that way and all the anger would disappear. He'd made her weak, and she still loved him for it.

4. and you know that i'm right

**\*\*\_[ a/n; These were fun! c: Enjoy, please review, and feel free to make any suggestions on words/themes/topics/ect! ]\_\*\***

**\*\*Set Number:\*\*** 4

**><strong>PairingPOV\*\***: Toothless/Hiccup

**\*\*Luck: \*\***Dragons didn't believe in "luck." If one wanted something, they believed they should take it, and that was what- live by desire, fight for what you wanted, and fear nothing. Who would have known that being shot from the sky by a boy he could've easily crushed with one lazy blow from his paw, would ever be Toothless'- or anyone's- idea of that foreign concept of good luck?

**\*\*Sing: \*\***Hiccup could frequently be heard humming some old Viking songs as he worked in the forge; and sometimes, when Astrid was around, she'd join in, their voices melding in a surprisingly smooth harmony. Toothless couldn't help but want to be a part of this strange human game, and eventually decided to give it a try. The impending howl, earsplitting and enough to destroy even the hardest of eardrums, was enough to startle Gobber into dropping the searing-hot sword he was about to quench and nearly removed his remaining arm. The furious blacksmith hobbled rapidly- or as much so as he could- out of the forge, hollering at Stoick about "bloody dragons and their Odin-forsaken singing!"

Toothless, head cocked, was rather unsure as to what the problem was.

He thought he'd sounded pretty good.

**\*\*Shadow: \*\***She loved Hiccup's dragon. Really, she did. Nearly as much as she adored her own. However, Astrid really didn't approve the dark shadow always skulking in the eaves, an unbearably smug and human expression on his face, every time she tried to sneak a moment of privacy with her boyfriend.

**\*\*Contradiction: \*\***At times like these, Hiccup simply couldn't believe what he was witnessing. The "unholy offspring of lightning and Death," sable rump wagging with sheer delight as he engrossed himself in an epic, earth-shaking battle. With a seagull

feather.

**\*\*Fish:** **\*\*Stoick** always said that when he took Hiccup fishing as a child, the boy would go hunting for trolls.

Astrid took Hiccup fishing, and all he returned with was an empty line and a sheepish smile.

Hiccup took Toothless fishing...

and the dragon returned with a baby whale in his jaws.

5. and i know i'm asking so much,

**\*\*\_[ a/n; Set 5; suggestions, reviews, theme ideas, ect., always welcome! ]\_\*\***

**\*\*Set Number:\*\* 5**

**><strong>PairingPOV\*\*:** Mixed, mostly Hiccup's POV, Astrid/Hiccup/Toothless

**\*\*Bubbles:\*\*Really;** all he had wanted to do was give Toothless a bath. The dragon gone rolling in his favourite grass patches after a rainstorm, was caked in mud, and would give Stoick a heart attack if he got into the house. But, as Hiccup learned when yanked abruptly by one grumpy Night Fury into the soapy basin he had set out for the purpose, bathtime was apparently an activity for two.

**\*\*Be A Man:** **\*\*Everyone** gave him the same response when he importuned the help of his friends on the topic of proposing to Astrid. Well, being a man was quickly beginning to sound much less appealing. He was extremely confident that facing a stampede of Monstrous Nightmares- with his hands tied behind his back, and with no clothes on for protection- was a considerably less terrifying concept.

**\*\*Stone:** **\*\*Viking** boys liked to play catch with cloth-and-burlap balls, wrapped in sturdy, supple leather.

It turns out that dragons, Hiccup learned the hard way, apparently liked to play catch with house-sized boulders.

**\*\*Illusion:** **\*\*At** times, it struck him that she was too beautiful, surely, to really be... real. He would gaze at her in awe, wondering when the hallucination would fade. Then she would catch him staring, punch him, and prove to him that clearly, she was no illusion.

**\*\*Food:** **\*\*Yes,** it was touching, in a way, how Toothless always wanted to share his meals with Hiccup. But honestly, Hiccup thought as he looked at the oily, slimy, and probably permanent spot on his thigh, where Toothless had deposited a half-digested fish head only minutes earlier.

He was starting to run out of usable pants.

End  
file.